

theirs, was little Jacques. . . . The representatives of the Government followed. All the state departments were represented, and M. Chaumif, Minister of Public Instruction, attended in person. Then, after a crowd of celebrities in literature, science, art, politics, and law, came innumerable deputations, many of them carrying wreaths and coronals, a *cortege* of fifty thousand persons, advancing amid the concourse of spectators whom the military and police held back. The order was perfect, all heads were uncovered, all voices stilled. As the hearse passed on, the police saluted, the military presented arms. Again, inside the cemetery, on either hand, all along the Avenue St. Charles, and the Avenue de Montmorency, men of the Garde Rdpublic'aine stood at attention and presented arms until the *cortege* at last halted on an open space, where a tribune had been erected for the funeral orations.

The first address was delivered by M. Chaumif, who began by speaking of the terribly sudden death of the departed author, which had sent a thrill of stupefaction through the world. From all quarters, both at home and abroad, there had come messages of condolence, and the Government of the Republic had made it a point of honour to be represented at the obsequies. As others would speak of Zola's literary genius, he (the Minister) would refer more particularly to the mission which the deceased had set

himself,—  
that of painting so striking a picture of society,  
with its  
sufferings, its passions, and its vices, that  
even those with  
the poorest sight would perceive that  
remedial measures  
were imperatively needed. Whenever a cause  
had seemed  
to him just he had espoused it without  
hesitation, braving  
all furious or perfidious anger, the wildest  
insults, the most